Numb. 31

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Saturday June* 18. to *Tueſday June* 21. 1709.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, June 18.

IN my Diſſertation againſt the Cuſtom of ſingle Combat, it has been objected, that there is not Learning, or much Reading, ſhown therein, which is the very Life and Soul of all Treatiſes; for which Reaſon, being always eaſy to receive Admonitions, and reform my Errors, I thought fit to conſult this learned Board on the Subject. Upon propoſing ſome Doubts, and deſiring their Aſſiſtance, a very hopeful young Gentleman, my Relation, who is to be call'd to the Bar within a Year and an half at fartheſt, told me, that he had, ever ſince I firſt mentioned Duelling, turn'd his Head that Way; and that he was principally moved thereto, by Reaſon that he thought to follow the Circuits in the North of *England* and South of *Scotland*, and to reſide moſtly at his own Eſtate at *Lanbadernawr* in *Cardiganſhire*. The Northern *Britains* and Southern *Scots* are a warm People, and the *Welſh a Nation of Gentlemen*; ſo that it behov'd him to underſtand well the Science of Quarrelling. The young Gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the Board an Account, that he had read *Fitzherbert's Grand Abridgment*, and other Books, and had found, that Duelling is a very ancient Part of the Law: For when a Man is ſued, be it for his Life or his Land, the Perſon that joins the Iſſue, whether Plaintiff or Defendant, may put the Tryal upon the Duel. Further he argued, under Favour of the Court, that when the Iſſue is join'd by the Duel in Treaſon or other Capital Crimes, the Parties accus'd and Accuſer muſt fight in their own proper Perſons: But if the Diſpute be for Lands, you may hire a Champion at *Hockley in the Hole*, or any where elſe. This Part of the Law we had from the *Saxons*; and they had it, as alſo the Trial by *Ordeal*, from the *Laplanders*. It is indeed agreed, ſaid he, the Southern and Eaſtern Nacions never knew any Thing of it; for tho' the ancient *Romans* would ſcold, and call Names filthily, yet there is not an Example of a Challenge that ever paſs'd amongſt them. His quoting the Eaſtern Nations, put another Gentleman in Mind of an Account he had from a Boatſwain of an *Eaſt-India* Man; which was, that a *Chineſe* had trick'd and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand Satisfaction the next Morning, and like a true Tar of Honour call'd him Son of a Whore, Liar, Dog, and other rough Appellatives uſed by Perſons converſant with Winds and Waves; the *Chineſe*, with great Tranquility, deſir'd him not to come abroad faſting, nor put himſelf in a Heat, for it would prejudice his Health. Thus the Eaſt knows nothing of this Gallantry. There ſat at the Left of the Table a Perſon of a venerable Aſpect, who aſſerted, that half the Impoſitions which are put upon theſe Ages, have been tranſmitted by Writers who have given too great Pomp and Magnificence to the Exploits of the ancient *Bear-Garden*, and made their Gladiators, by fabulous Tradition, greater than *Gorman* and others of *Great Britain*. He inform'd the Company, that he had ſearch'd Authorities for what he ſaid, and that a learned Antiquary, *Humphrey Scarecrow* Eſq; of *Hockley in the Hole*, Recorder to the *Bear-Garden*, was then writing a Diſcourſe on the Subject. It appears by the beſt Accounts, ſays this Gentleman, that the high Names which are us'd among us with ſo great Veneration, were no other than Stage-fighters, and Worthies of the ancient *Bear-Garden*. The renowned *Hercules* always carried a Quarter-ſtaff, and was from thence call'd *Claviger*. A learned Chronologiſt is about proving what Wood this Staff was made of, whether Oak, Aſh, or Crab-Tree. The firſt Tryal of Skill he ever perform'd, was with one *Cacus*, a Dear-Stealer; the next was with *Typhonus*, a Giant of 40 Foot, 4 Inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded, that meeting at laſt with a Sailor's Wife, ſhe made his Staff of Proweſs ſerve her own Uſe, and dwindle away to a Diſtaff: She clapt him on an old Tar-Jacket of her Husband's; ſo that this great Hero droop'd like a ſcabbed Sheep. Him his Cotemporary *Theſeus* ſucceeded in the *Bear-Garden*, which Honour he held for many Years: This grand Duelliſt went to Hell, and was the only one of that Sort that ever came back again. As for *Achilles* and *Hector*, as the Ballads of thoſe Times mention, they were pretty Smart Fellows; they fought at Sword and Buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his Mother, who was an Oyſter-Woman, having got a Black-Smith of *Lemnos* to make her Son's Weapons. There's a Pair of truſty *Trojans* in a Song of *Virgil's*, that were famous for handling their Gauntlets, *Dares*, and *Entellus*; and indeed it does appear, they fought no Sham Prize. What Arms the Great *Alexander* us'd is uncertain; however, the Hiſtorian mentions, when he attack'd *Thaleſtris*, it was only at ſingle Rapier; but the Weapon ſoon fail'd; for it was always obſerv'd, that the *Amazons* had a Sort of Enchantment about 'em, which made the Blade of the Weapon, tho' of never ſo good Metal, at every home Puſh, loſe its Edge and grow feeble. The *Roman Bear-Garden* was abundantly more magnificent than any Thing *Greece* could boaſt of; it flouriſh'd moſt under thoſe Delights of Mankind, *Nero*, and *Domitian*: At one Time it's recorded, 400 Senators entred the Liſt, and thought it an Honour to be cudgell'd and quarterſtaff'd. I obſerve, the *Laniſtæ* were the People chiefly employ'd, which makes me imagine our *Bear-Garden* copied much after this, the Butchers being the greateſt Men in it. Thus far the Glory and Honour of the *Bear-Garden* ſtood ſecure, till Fate, that irreſiſtable Ruler of ſublunary Things, in that univerſal Ruin of Arts and politer Learning, by thoſe ſavage People the *Goths* and *Vandals*, deſtroy'd and level'd it to the Ground. Thus fell the Grandeur and Bravery of the *Roman* State, till at laſt the Warlike Genius (but accompanied with more Courteſie) reviv'd in the Chriſtian World under thoſe puiſſant Champions, St. *George*, St. *Dennis*, and other dignified Heroes: One kill'd his Dragon, another his Lion, and were all afterwards canoniz'd for it, having red Letters before them to illuſtrate their Martial Temper. The *Spaniſh* Nation, it muſt be own'd, were devoted to Gallantry and Chivalry above the reſt of the World. What a Figure does that great Name, Don *Quixot*, make

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in History? How ſhines this glorious Star in the *Weſtern* World? O renown'd Knight! O Mirror of Knighthood!

Thy brandiſh'd Winyard all the World defies,
And kills as ſure as del Toboſa's *Eyes.*

I am forced to break off abruptly, being ſent for in Haſt, with my Rule, to meaſure the Degree of an Affront, before the two Gentlemen (who are now in their Breeches and Pumps ready to engage behind *Montague*-Houſe) have made a Paſs.

From my own Apartment, June 18.

It is an unreaſonable Objection I find againſt my Labours, that my Stock is not all my own, and therefore the kind Reception I have met with is not ſo deſerv'd as it ought to be. But I hope, tho' it be never ſo true, that I am oblig'd to my Friends for laying their Caſh in my Hands, ſince I give it them again when they pleaſe, and leave 'em at their Liberty to call it Home, it will not hurt me with my gentle Readers. Ask all the Merchants who act upon Conſignments, Where is the Neceſſity (if they anſwer readily what their Correſpondents draw) of their being wealthy themſelves? Ask the greateſt Bankers, If all the Men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the Conſequence? But indeed a Country Friend has writ me a Letter which gives me great Mortification; wherein I find I am ſo far from expecting a Supply from thence, that ſome have not heard of me, and the reſt do not underſtand me. His Epiſtle is as follows:

Dear Couſin,

" I thought when I left the Town to have rais'd " your Fame here, and help'd you to ſupport it by " Intelligence from hence; but alas! they had never " heard of the *Tatler* 'till I brought down a Set. I " lent 'em from Houſe to Houſe; but they ask'd me " what they meant. I began to enlighten 'em, by " telling who and who were ſuppos'd to be intended by the Characters drawn. I ſaid for Inſtance, " *Chloe* and *Clariſſa* are two eminent Toaſts. A Gentleman (who keeps his Greyhound and Gun, and " one would think might know better) told me, " he ſuppos'd they were Papiſhes, for their Names " were not *Engliſh*: Then, ſaid he, Why do you call " live People Toaſts? I anſwer'd, That was a new " Name found out by the Wits, to make a Lady " have the ſame Effect as Burtidge in the Glaſs when " a Man is drinking. But ſays I, Sir, I perceive " this is to you all bamboozling; why you look as " if you were *Don-Diego'd* to the Tune of a Thouſand Pounds. All this good Language was loſt upon him: He only ſtar'd, tho' he is as good a Scholar as any Layman in the Town, except the Barber. " Thus, Couſin, you muſt be content with *London* " for the Center of your Wealth and Fame; we " have no Reliſh for you. Wit muſt deſcribe its " proper Circumference, and not go beyond it, leſt " (like little Boys, when they ſtraggle ont of their " own Pariſh) it may wander to Places where it is " not known, and be loſt. Since it is ſo, you " muſt excuſe me that I am forc'd at a Viſit to ſit " ſilent, and only lay up what excellent Things paſs " at ſuch Converſations.

This Evening I was with a Couple of young Ladies; one of 'em has the Character of the prettieſt Company, yet really I thought her but ſilly; the other, who talk'd a great deal leſs, I obſerv'd to have Underſtanding. The Lady who is reckon'd ſuch a Companion among her Acquaintance, has only, with a very briſk Air, a Knack of ſaying the commoneſt Things: The other, with a ſly ſerious one, ſays home Things enough. The firſt, Miſtreſs *Giddy*, is very quick; but the ſecond, Mrs. *Slim*, fell into *Giddy*'s own Style, and was as good Company as ſhe. *Giddy* happens to drop her Glove; *Slim* reaches it to her: Madam (ſays *Giddy*) I hope you'll have a better Office. Upon which *Slim* immediately repartees, and ſits in her Lap, and cries, Are you not ſorry for my Heavineſs? This ſly Wench pleas'd me to ſee how ſhe hit her Height of Underſtanding ſo well. We ſat down to Supper. Says *Giddy*, mighty prettily, Two Hands in a Diſh and One in a Purſe: Says *Slim*, Ay, Madam, the More the Merrier; but the Fewer the Better Chear. I quickly took the Hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. Says I,

He that will not when he may,
When he will he ſhall have nay;

And ſo help'd my ſelf. *Giddy* turns about, What have you found your Tongue? Yes (ſays I) 'tis Manners to ſpeak when I am ſpoken to; but your greateſt Talkers are little Doers, and the ſtill Sow eats up all the Broth. Ha! Ha! ſays *Giddy*, One would think he had nothing in him, and do you hear how he talks when he pleaſes. I grew immediately roguiſh and pleaſant to a Degree in the ſame Strain. *Slim*, who knew how good Company we had been, cries, You'll certainly print this bright Converſation. I have ſo; and you ſee how ſmall an Appearance the prettieſt Things ſaid in Company, make when in Print.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 20.

A Mail from *Lisbon* has brought Advices of *June* 12, from the King of *Portugal*'s Army encamp'd at *Torre Allegada*, which inform us, That the General of the Army call'd a Court Martial on the 4th at the Camp of *Gerumhena*, where it was reſolv'd to march with a Deſign to attempt the Succour of *Olivenza*. Accordingly the Army moved on the 5th, and march'd towards *Badajos*. Upon their Approach, the Marquis *de Bay* detach'd 10 great a Party from the Blockade of *Olivenza*, that the Marquis *das Minas*, at the Head of a large Detachment, cover'd a great Convoy of Proviſions towards *Olivenza*, which threw in their Stores, and march'd back to the main Army, without Moleſtation from the *Spaniards*. They add, That each Army muſt neceſſarily march into Quarters within Twenty Days.

Whoſoever can diſcover a Surgeon's Apprentice, who fell upon Mr. Bickerſtaff's *Meſſenger or (as the Printers call him)* Devil, *going to the Preſs, and tore out of his Hand Part of his Eſſay againſt Duels, in the Fragments of which were the Words,* You lie, *and* Man of Honour, *taken up at the* Temple-Gate; *and the Words,* Perhaps, -- May be not, -- By your Leave, Sir, -- *and other Terms of Provocation, taken up at the Door of* Young Man's *Coffee-houſe; ſhall receive Satisfaction from Mr.* Morphew, *beſides a Set of Arguments to be ſpoken to any Man in a Paſſion, which, if the ſaid enraged Man liſtens to, will prevent Quarrelling.*

Mr. Bickerſtaff *does hereby give Notice, That he has taken the Two famous Univerſities of this Land under his immediate Care, and does hereby promiſe all Tutors and Pupils, That he will hear what can be ſaid of each Side between them, and to correct them impartially by placing them in Orders and Claſſes in the learned World according to their Merit.*

Mr. Bickerſtaff *hes receiv'd the Advices from* Clay-Hill, *which, with all Intelligence from honeſt Mr.* Sturdy *and others, ſhall have their Place in our future Story.*

Whereas ſeveral Gentlemen have deſir'd this Paper, with a blank Leaf to write Buſineſs on, and for the Convenience of the Poſt; This is to give Notice, that this Day, and for the future, it may be had of Mr. Morphew *near* Stationers-Hall.

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